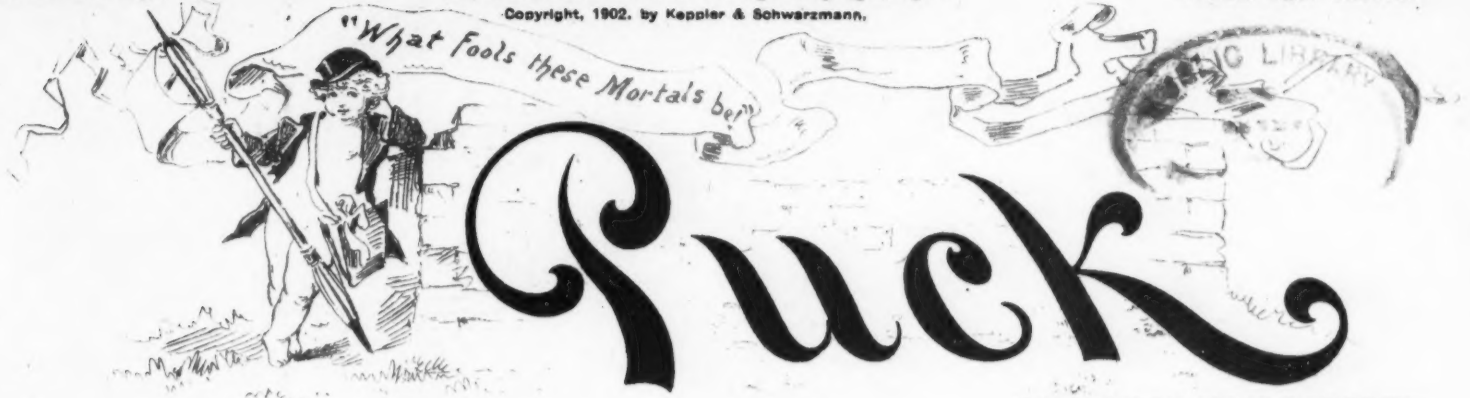


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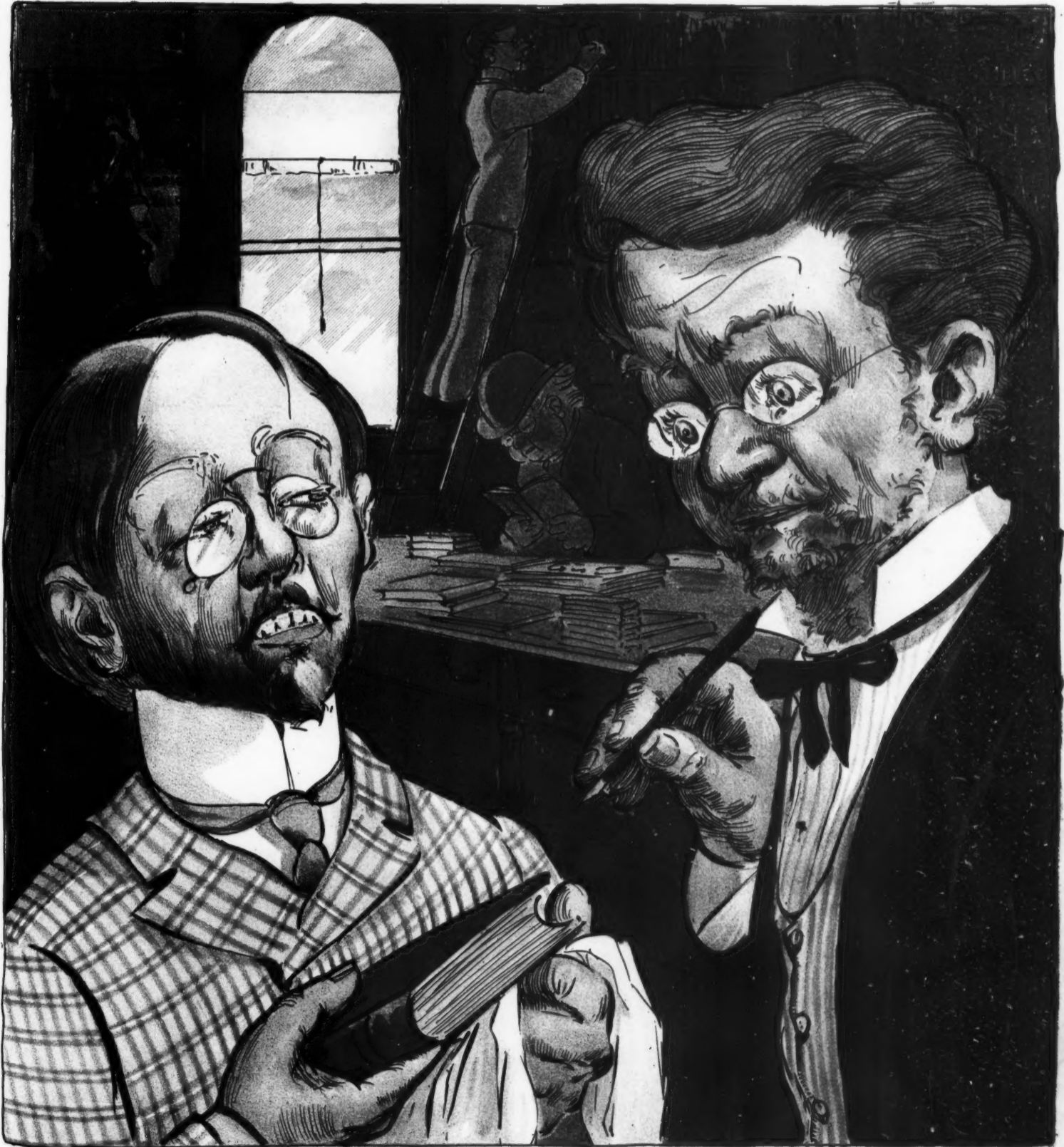
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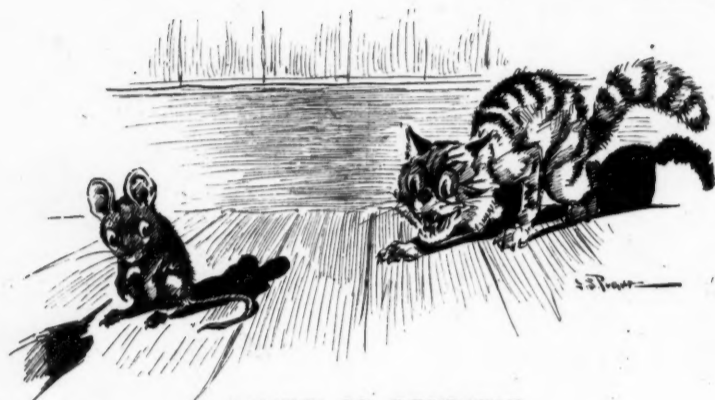
ENOUGH.

BOOKSELLER (*to new salesman*).—Can you give opinions about historical novels without reading them?

SALESMAN.—Why, certainly!

BOOKSELLER.—But suppose you are asked about the plot and construction?

SALESMAN.—But I've read *one*!



WOULD BE DESIRABLE.

THE MOUSE.—One can never tell where that cat is! I wish she 'd mew whenever she wants a mouse!

FROM THE PETTYVILLE PLAIND DEALER.

WHEN OUR esteemed fellow-toiler in the journalistic vineyard, the able editor of the *Allegash Agitator*, suddenly deserted the Lares and Penates of his life-long political faith, some few weeks ago, and announced his allegiance to the new Third Party, whatever it might turn out to be when it came into being—he confessed to the world, in a carefully-veiled defiance, that he could not forecast what might prove to be its complexion and general proclivities when it should emerge from its incubator, except that its initial peep would surely consist of the three words, William Jennings Bryan; but he was for it, heart, soul, pen and sizzors, let the chips fall where they might, and —”

But, what we are getting at is that at that time we viewed with genuine alarm his erratic conduct and were wholly unable to account for it. Now, however, we can understand it, and we accept his defection with resignation; we have just learned that he is not in his right mind — he plays golf.

A TIME FOR ACTION.

“What we really need,” remarked the Russian statesman, “is an arbitration agreement with England.”

“I don’t know about that,” replied another Muscovite dignitary. “Think what a plight it would put us in if the arbitration commission would sometime decide against manifest destiny!”

IN THE INTERIOR.

FIRST FARMER.—I think our Assemblyman represents his constituents purty well.

SECOND FARMER.—Yes. Every time the people in New York City want anythin’ he ’s ag’in’ it.

JUSTIFIED.

ADIRONDACK GUIDE (*savagely*).—How, in tarnation, did you come to take me fer a deer? Why, I was sittin’ on this here log smokin’ my pipe plain as could be!

CHOLLY (*rattled*).—W-W-Well, I ’ve seen wild a-a-animals smoke a pipe in a circus.

THE AUTHORS OF TO-DAY.

Some rack their brains and spend their pains
On character; some on plot;
While others, more wise, just advertise
And come out ahead, I wot!

EXIGENCY.

MANAGING EDITOR.—Our war despatches seem to me very meagre and unconflicting this morning.

NEWS EDITOR.—Yes; our correspondent with the Boers was called to Hoboken by the sudden death of his uncle, yesterday, and I had to take a raw hand off the Venezuelan revolution to do his work.



SHE EXPLAINS.

“Why, when you were a baby, you ’d rather have an old rag doll than any other.

“Oh, yes! But I was n’t old enough to know it was n’t dressed stylish!”



A FORTUNATE INDIVIDUAL.

"Uncle Mose won de tuhkey. Dad say dat Uncle Mose am dead-lucky 'bout poultry."

"Dat so?"

"Yes. Dad say, ef Uncle Mose wa' n't dead-lucky he 'd bin in de penitentiary long ago."

HIS VIEW.

UNCLE JOSH.—Then the Anti-Expansionists think the Constitution oughter foller the flag?

UNCLE HIRAM.—Yes; for the purpose of bringin' the flag home an' makin' it stay there.



AN ARDUOUS TASK.

"But, surely, some of those people might be converted!"

"Well, I 'll tell you, me friend. They 'll jolly you along, but you might just as well try to convert me!"

THE BEAU.

WELL, my sister 's got a beau,
An' he comes 'most ev'ry night,
An' he wants the gas so low
That there 's hardly any light!
An' Nell likes him lots, I guess,
'Cause she watches on the sly
An' takes hours an' hours to dress
An' is alluz sweet as pie.

I must call him "Mr. Fenn;"
An' Nell calls him "Mister," too,
'Cept when they 're alone, an' then
She keeps gigglin' at him: "Lew!"
But one time I sneaked up near
When they thought I was n't 'round,
An' I heard her call him "dear"—
An' a funny kissin' sound!

He can throw a snake-curve ball,
An' can mew an' bark an' quack,
An' he does n't mind at all
When I pin things on his back.
Often evenin's when he comes
I 'm downstairs till after eight
While he helps me do my sums,
Tho' Nell fidgets 'cause it 's late.

Onct when he was here I said:
"Say! Why don't you marry Nell?"
An' they sent me straight to bed
'Fore he had a chance to tell!
But I 'll ask again, sometime,
'Cause Miss Sommers wants to know;
An' she says, she 'll bet a dime
That he 's only jest a beau!

Edwin L. Sabin.

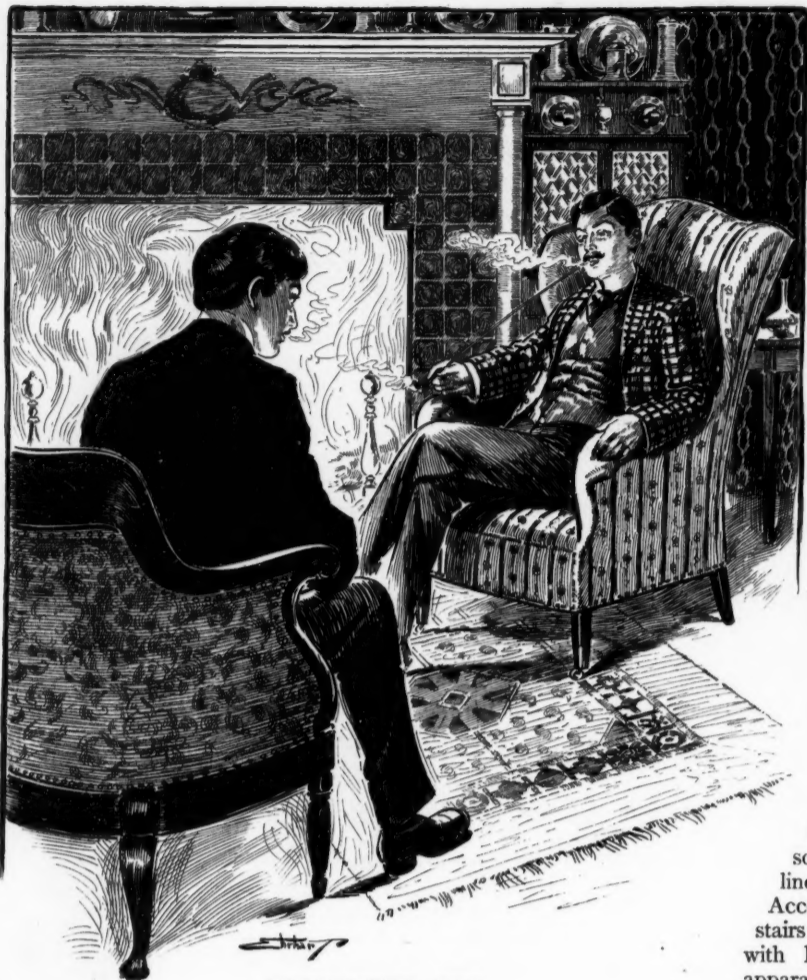


PETTICOAT PROTECTION.

TIPPINGTON.—I used to hunt, but found it too expensive.

BIFFLER.—Too expensive?

TIPPINGTON.—Yes; every time I went Out West my mother-in-law made me add a big lot to my life-insurance.



ACCOUNTED FOR.

JERROLD.—He is just wild over golf.
HAROLD.—That so? Who is the girl?

A ROMANCE OF THE NEXT CENTURY.

THEY MET on the air-yacht of a mutual friend, and he noticed at once that her eyes were as blue as the skies through which the graceful vessel ploughed her way. He fell in love with her at once. He was in the habit of falling in love with good-looking girls, and there was no reason why he should make an exception in this case, for she was strikingly beautiful and her disposition was quite as attractive as her appearance. She reciprocated his attachment and asked him to call, an invitation which he accepted with startling rapidity. His visits became so frequent and so protracted that they attracted the attention of her father. Virginia could not understand how anyone could possibly dislike Paul, but the old gentleman did. He was one of those stern parents who have proved so useful as raw material for romantic literature. He forbade Virginia to see Paul, and he forbade Paul to visit her. Paul attempted to communicate with her by mail, but the old man intercepted the letters and returned them unopened. He did not have to open them, because—everybody being scientific in those days—he had examined them with his X-ray machine and knew just what was in them. Paul, however, managed to meet Virginia clandestinely, and, after bewailing their troubles for a reasonable time, they began to discuss remedies. Paul being just as scientific as everybody else, it occurred to him that they might call in the aid of hypnotism to convince the old gentleman that he, Paul, would make a desirable son-in-law.

But Virginia shook her head mournfully.
"Hypnotism," she said, "has made wonderful advances, but it will be a long time before it accomplishes anything like that."

Then Paul suggested an immediate elopement, but Virginia rejected the proposition emphatically.

"What!" she exclaimed. "Elope in this dress?"

Paul was not posted on the fashions and did not know anything about the prevailing elopement style, but there was something in the way she spoke that convinced him that an elopement in that dress would be a metaphysical impossibility, or, at least, something equivalent.

She agreed, however, to elope within a few days, the details to be planned and communicated to each other by wireless telegraphy. In those days everybody understood wireless telegraphy and instruments for sending and receiving messages were as common as cameras are to-day.

It happened that the next night was very sultry and Papa went up on the roof, partly in order to try to keep cool and partly to study astronomy, in which, as a scientific matter, he was deeply interested. But he noticed that the air on the roof was very hot and getting hotter all the time, and, in seeking a scientific explanation of the phenomena, it occurred to him that there might be something doing in the line of sound waves.

Accordingly, he went downstairs and returned to the roof with his wireless telegraph apparatus and was soon able to intercept the message. Just as he expected, there were expressions of ardent devotion flying around, fully confirming his hypothesis of the cause of the hot air on the roof. Interesting as this was in itself, it became more so when he found that these messages were passing between Paul and Virginia and that an elopement was being planned.

The unscrupulous old man decided on his course instantly. He cut off Paul's messages from Virginia and Virginia's from Paul. Then, with his own machine, he sent a message to Paul, purporting to come from Virginia, stating that complications had arisen



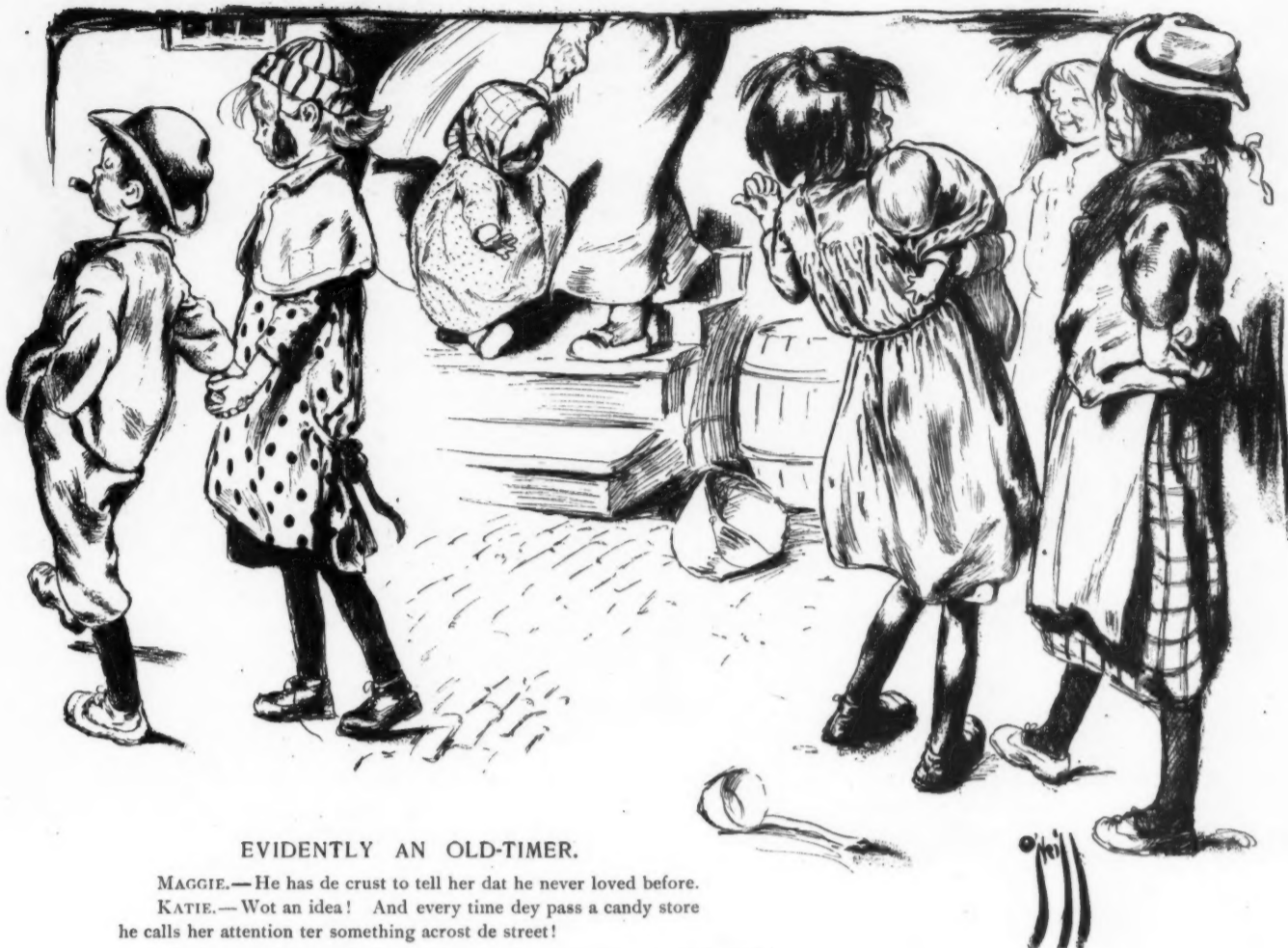
ANTICIPATION.

"Golly! I dunno when Ise inj'ied a meal like Ise enj'yin' to-morrer's dinner!"



A DANGEROUS SITUATION.

THE MONKEY-DENTIST (to the Cockatoo).—Confound you! Have n't you sense enough to stop asking him questions when I'm working in his mouth?



EVIDENTLY AN OLD-TIMER.

MAGGIE.—He has de crust to tell her dat he never loved before.

KATIE.—Wot an idea! And every time dey pass a candy store he calls her attention ter something acrost de street!

and that she could not keep the appointment to elope, but would explain later. Then he confiscated Virginia's machine and kept her in close custody. He was, indeed, a terrible old man, and nothing can be said in extenuation of his conduct, except, perhaps, that it does help to meet the exigencies of fiction.

When Paul, the next day, attempted to communicate with Virginia, the old man replied coldly in his daughter's name that she had discovered her lover's unworthiness and desired to cancel the engagement. To all appeals for an explanation there was no reply.

If Paul could have seen Virginia it would have been all right; and if he had been patient he might, in time, have seen her. But it never occurred to him that the message was not genuine, and for two long months he was a bitter misanthrope, never looking at a blue-eyed girl without feeling an inclination to reproach the sex with faithlessness. At the end of that time, however, he met a black-eyed girl, whereupon he reasoned, logically enough, that it was unjust to hold her responsible for anything a blue-eyed girl had done. To make a sad story short, he married her after a remarkably short engagement.

As to Virginia, she pined away until her father showed her a newspaper containing a notice of Paul's marriage. She saw clearly that it was useless to pine away any longer and, in time, she married a man with a tawny mustache. The stern parent did not like him, either, but he felt that if he was going to interfere with all Virginia's love affairs he would have a large contract on his hands; so he let it go at that.

Wm. E. McKenna.



THE TOAST.

"Nay, then, if you will have a toast, let us drink to the man who knows when to stop!"

"Ay! To show that the absent are not forgotten!"

A CENTURY HENCE.

"And you will be mine, Helene?"

"Yes, Horace!"

In a transport of joy he seizes the hand of the young girl and shakes it. To be sure handshaking has been declared unsanitary by the best medical authority, but what has such a tumultuous love as theirs to do with material considerations?

A PLEA.

ELSIE.—Next time, please, God, don't send twins. Let them be assorted sizes!

A WILL may be set aside on account of undue influence, but, unfortunately, a political appointment can not.

PUCK.



IT TAKES TIME.

THE TOILER.—It's a big chob for der money!
THE EMPLOYER.—Vell, vot you t'ink? You can't expekt to busd choost as soon as you come to der gountry!

AN APPROPRIATE REMARK.

"I dub thee Knight!" said the King, lightly swatting on the apex of his intellectual canteloupe with the flat of a sword the pale-green son of a gouty old nobleman who had never done anything more meritorious than just live.

And His Royal Adiposity was eminently correct, for the young man was indeed a dub.

CONSTANT.

ALICE.—Oh, no! Cholly is n't engaged! He is true to his first love.

MAY.—Who is that?

ALICE.—Cholly!

CONTINUAL DROPPING.

"Once again," triumphantly said the able editor of the Allegash *Agita-tor*, "has the power of the Press made itself felt. For more than seven years we have been clamoring, conscientiously and continuously, in season and out of season, for a new depot here; and now the P. D. Q. Railroad has decided to accede to our demand and erect one. The old depot burned down last Thursday night amid thunders of applause!"

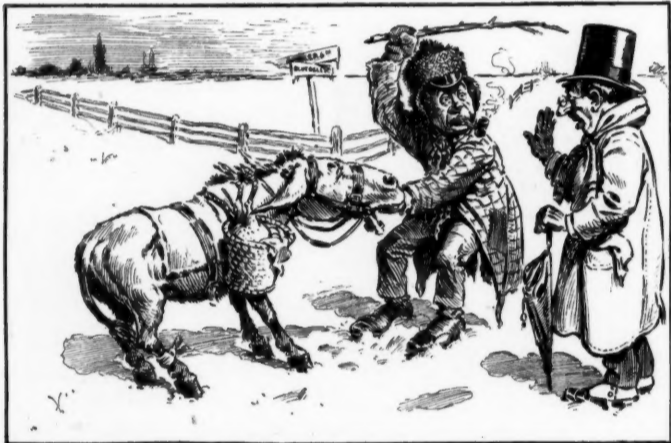
THE LIMIT.

ASCUM.—Jabsley is awful vain, is n't he?

WANDER.—Well, rather! Why, he has fitted up a phonograph in his room to play "See, the conquering hero comes!" when he opens the door.



A FRIEND IN NEED.



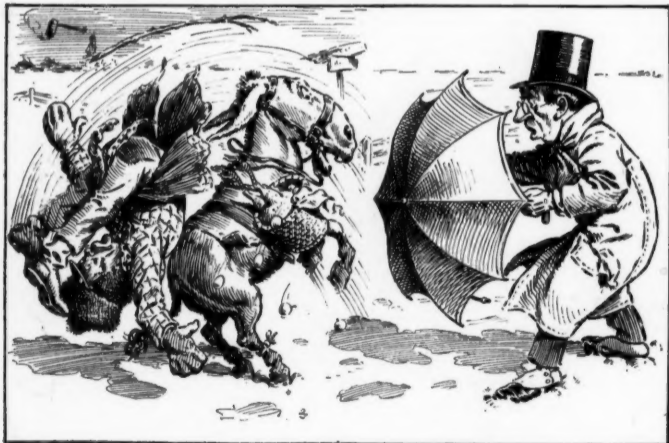
I.

"Tut! Tut! Don't abuse the beast! Just get on his back, and I'll use a little strategy!"



II.

"Now, then! One—two—"



III.

"—Three!!"



IV.

"Well, fo' de lan's sake! Ef dat ain' scan'lous!"

PUCK



PUCK

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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Payable in advance.

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Wednesday, January 15, 1902.—No. 1298.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

SPENDING THE SURPLUS. UNCLE SAM now sports a surplus which, compared with those of the past, is of unparalleled magnitude. We use "unparalleled magnitude" in preference to "biggest ever" because it sounds so much puffier and more florid; and this is precisely that kind of surplus. That this imposing collection of dollars will suffer the fate of its lesser predecessors no one doubts: least of all no member of the Congress whose attention it is now engaging. Bills good and bad will be drawn upon it, and its golden majesty will swiftly diminish, possibly to the minus quantity of a deficit. There is an Isthmian canal to be financed, a feat that of itself would disable any common surplus. And, if some very suave pirates now in Congress have their way, there will be a bill passed enabling our shipbuilders to reduce this and future surpluses by something like nine million dollars a year. We all hope to see the canal built, but some of us are puzzled to see why the shipbuilders, who are already working their yards to their utmost capacity, should be in receipt of special favors. This is one of the mischiefs of a big surplus. It stimulates the ingenuity of subsidy-hunters and looters in general, and it is apt to create in the minds of our Congressmen a sentiment of careless generosity toward them. Happily the public feeling at this time is strongly against subsidies and all discriminating taxes. And there is hope for a further reduction of tariff and war-taxes that will tend to bring the surplus of the future to dimensions somewhat nearer our actual needs.

THE PHILIPPINE PUZZLE.

"PACIFIED BUT not tranquilized" was General McArthur's neatly discriminating phrase applied to the Philippine situation a few weeks ago. Civil Governor Taft, of the Islands, now on his way to Washington, has declared that he will say something very different when he arrives. Governor Taft seems to attribute much of the current trouble in the Philippines to the fact that our troops are retained in the smaller villages, where they serve to irritate natives who would otherwise be content under our government. The suggestion is plausible; but, as Governor Taft's views are opposed by the military authorities, who must be admitted to have some knowledge of the conditions, it will be only fair to wait for the other side of the story that the Governor has threatened to tell. One thing may be taken as certain, however: if the almost daily fighting with small bodies of our soldiery is the work of natives who have been "pacified but not tranquilized," the signs that betoken pacification in the Philippines are peculiar. If the Filipinos are to behave in this manner after they have been pacified, the tale of their tranquilization will be apt to consist, at last, of mere mortuary statistics.

TO PENSION TRAITORS.

PEOPLE WITH ordinarily sensitive feelings are made to gasp from time to time by some fresh display of impudence on the part of the hardened pension hunters. Last year it was an attempt to have Congress remove the disability of soldiers who had deserted from our army during the civil war. Up to that time the prejudice against this class had been such that no professed deserter had ever sought to draw a pension. This attempt to pension deserters, unsuccessful though

it proved, was eloquent of the light in which pension legislation is now viewed by a certain class of politicians. But that bill was praiseworthy compared with one introduced into the House of Representatives the other day by a Western member. This bill provides that when a captured Union soldier joined the Confederate army during our civil war, in preference to enduring the hardships of a Confederate prison, the fact shall not disqualify him from drawing a pension providing he did not actually engage in battle against the Union forces. We think this will be generally admitted to break all previous records of indecency in the long history of the pension debauch. Any criticism of pension legislation, by the way, is invariably construed by our chief pension organization as "an insult to the old soldier." Have its sensitive members now no retort to this implied slur upon the thousands of loyal Union soldiers, who preferred suffering and even death in the Confederate prisons to the double treachery of enlisting with the enemy under false pretences. We withhold the name of the Congressman who fathers this remarkable product. For all we know, he may have respectable family connections upon whom it would be unfair to bring opprobrium.

MACLAY VERSUS SCHLEY.

THE AFFAIR incited by the historical labors of Mr. Edgar Stanton Maclay can hardly have been gratifying to either of the factions involved. The end may not be yet; but that the affair should ever have had a beginning is unanimously conceded to be regrettable. Yet at least one development of the controversy will excite general approval. Historian Maclay who started the muss has been ousted from his position of "special laborer" in the Navy Department. The removal signifies an admirable knowledge of the proprieties on the part of the official ordering it. Mr. Maclay received \$2.24 a day from the government. How he may make his living in future has not been disclosed, but it requires no gift of prophecy to foretell that it will not be by writing history. As we should like to see him employed, however, in the line of abuse for which he has shown so rare a talent, we hereby start the rumor that he has been engaged as Schley-editor of a prominent daily newspaper in New York.

THERE IS some reason to believe that quite a number of Boers have been numbered with the slain without being killed.

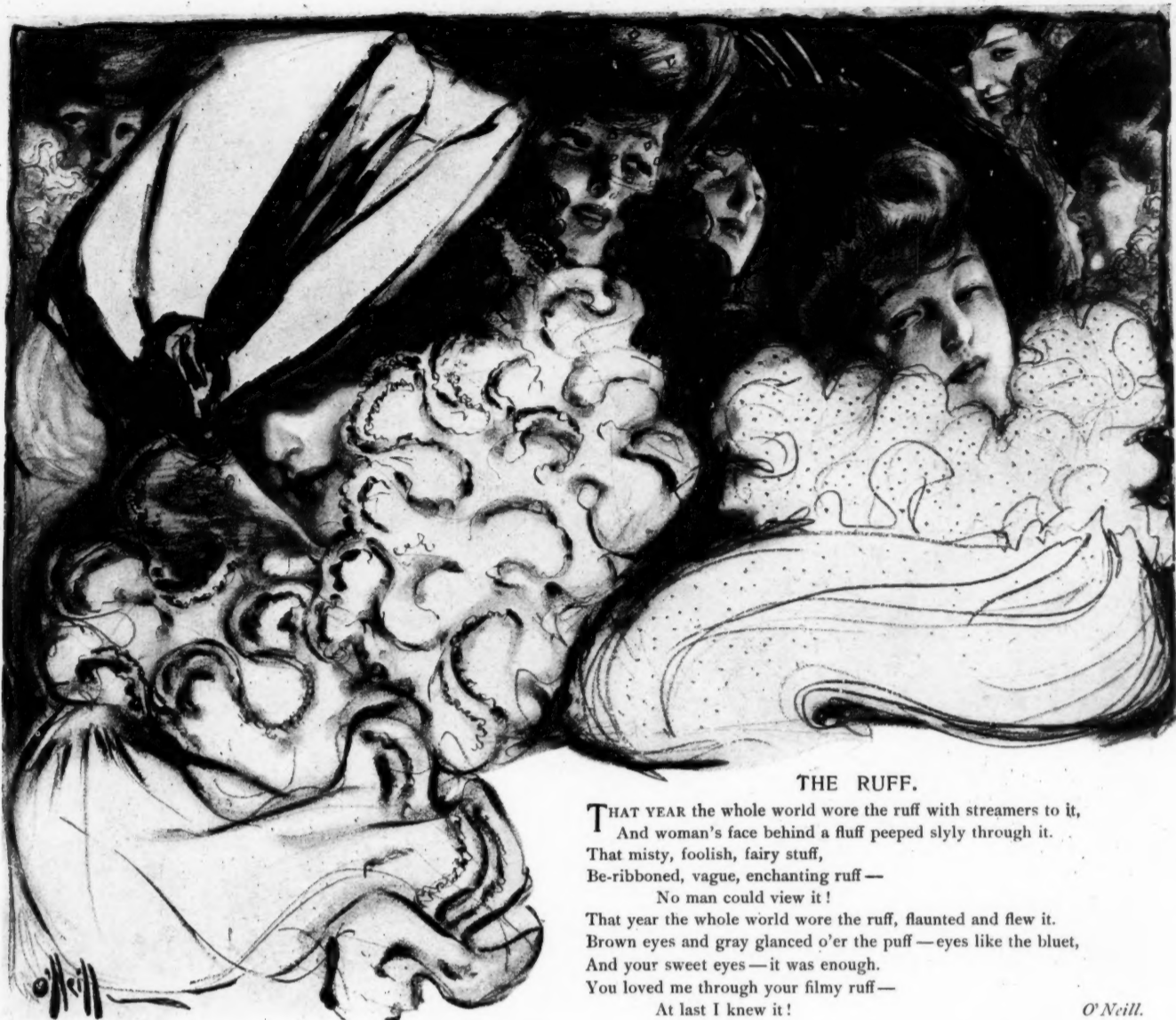


HOW IT LOOKED.

EDITH.—She says her face is her fortune.
ETHEL.—How unfortunate!







THE RUFF.

THAT YEAR the whole world wore the ruff with streamers to it,
And woman's face behind a fluff peeped slyly through it.
That misty, foolish, fairy stuff,
Be-ribboned, vague, enchanting ruff —
No man could view it!
That year the whole world wore the ruff, flaunted and flew it.
Brown eyes and gray glanced o'er the puff — eyes like the bluet,
And your sweet eyes — it was enough.
You loved me through your filmy ruff —
At last I knew it!

O'Neill.

NOT HIS EXPERIENCE.

FIRST SUBURBANITE.— Don't you believe in the literal inspira-
tion of the Scriptures?

SECOND SUBURBANITE.— Well, hardly!
There's that text that what a man
sows he shall reap.

DELIGHTFUL.

MRS. BEECROFT.— Your little
boy seems perfectly delighted
with the printing press Santa
Claus brought him.

MRS. CHATTERTON (*resignedly*).—
Yes; he has discovered he can get
dirtier playing with it than with any
present he ever had.

A GOOD GRAFT.

"What per centage of profit is there
in your mining scheme?"
"Man, it is better than robbery!"

THEY ROAST HIM.

"I don't think he has a correct ear."
"Why, no! If he had he would n't
want to listen to his own voice."

serious reflection on our characters.

IT IS needless to say that things needless to say constitute a large
proportion of the things that are said.

OTHER PEOPLE knowing what is best for him has made many a boy
wish he had been born an orphan without friends or relatives.



AGRICULTURE.

The ancient farmer poured out a libation to Ceres.
"That insures me twenty bushels of corn to the acre," he
remarked.
Then he sacrificed nine bullocks to Mars.
"That means a jump of ten cents a bushel in price," said he.
From this it will be seen that agriculture was more a positive
science in those days than it now is.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

"You'll be careful not to go where the ice is thin? You
remember there was a boy fell
in a little while ago?"

"Yes; but that was on
Sunday an' you said it was
because he did n't go to
Sunday-school. The ice
ought n't to be thin on
week days."

IN A. D. 1909.

CLERK.— Sir, your wife
has just had her æroplane
run away with her, but it
was caught by a flying
machine policeman before
any damage was done.

OLD GOTROCKS.— Con-
found that æroplane liveryman! He swore that was an æroplane
that any lady could drive!



PUCK

AN INFAMY OF THE STAGE.



THE FRENCHMAN on the American stage must be either a slick villain or a *ne plus ultra* fop. It is as necessary that he be thus represented as it is that he say, "Ah, ha!" "Ees eet posseeble!" "I haf heem now!" "Mille pardong!" "Je me trompe!" "Parbleu!" and other niceties of diction in which American playwrights excel.

Our stage traditions positively demand that the Frenchman in the play should be an exceedingly polite, affable and successful scoundrel, or a dandified specimen of idiot. Consider the affront to our historical friend and ally, France. Does the brilliant, exuberant and versatile nation of Lafayette produce no genuine gentlemen? Is wickedness and frippery altogether synonymous with Gallic character? You never saw, at the play, any Frenchman who was not connected with some horrible sort of crookedness or asininity.

Scene:

Enter, French gentleman. Takes off silk hat, caresses pointed beard of inky and villainous blackness, flips coat-tails with that sublime and commanding elegance possible only to a stage French gentleman, and—why more detail? There he is! Scoundrel! If he did anything honest the audience would rise in amazed indignation, go to the box-office and fight to get their money back. The audience guesses it knows. Huh! Hasn't the audience been religiously trained this way for decade after decade?



THE ONLY COMPLAINT.

THE ACTOR.—Do you really think that picture looks like me?

THE SOUBRETTE.—Yes;—but I have no other fault to find with it.



HIS DIPLOMATIC REPLY.

SHE.—I'd just like to know where you got them things.

THE TRAMP.—Well, Ma'am, dere 's questions about golf what it ain't easy to explain to an outsider!

Oui, Monsieur.

Why this race discrimination?

Why are there no dishonest stage Irishmen? Would the audience feel that the playerfolk were getting personal? Gaze on the lovely assortment of countenances in the gallery,—not to mention the boxes,—but don't you *dare* say what you think!

Why no German dudes? Don't they make 'em? Why no Yankees, with mustaches waxed to high heaven and brains like addled robins' eggs? Have we no native "smart" tenor singers, no inane anglomaniacs, no crazy golf-players, no ladylike sons of rich men? There are a few, kind sir; there are a few!

Why all the foolishness, all the deepest villainy, all the cussed rascality unfailingly of the French type?

If the French were as numerous on these shores as some other nationalities which might be named off-hand, and sufficiently villainous, a gang of them would go out some St. Patrick's Day and burn and loot a few American theatres, just to show that there was no ill-feeling.

Ah, ha! Ees eet not posseeble?

After all, perhaps it is only the Frenchman who can receive the poisoned wafer with a smile of ineffable sweetness, and press it to his lips in the presence of the multitude with a winning and courtly manifestation of the pleasure which is extremely his.

Veritablement.

Vive la France!

Fred. Ladd.

THE COSTLY KEEP.

"I have had built no fewer than four steam yachts!" exclaimed the Trillionaire. "The first sunk when she was launched; the second blew up on her trial trip; the third was run down by a ferry-boat the first time she went to sea; the fourth has just burned at the dock before her machinery was fairly installed!"

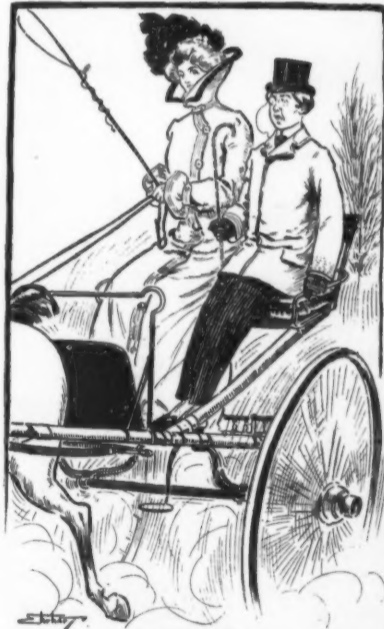
"Well?" said I.

"If I can't keep a steam yacht, of course I shall die rich!" said he, the tears trickling down his furrowed cheek.

PRAYER.

No; old Mr. Adoniram Taft did not precisely doubt the efficacy of prayer.

"Howsumdover," said he, "I notice that them thet's forever prayin' fer rain or else prayin' fer it tew quit rainin', don't seem tew git nuthin' much done, somehow! M'yeah!"



A HINT.

HE.—Matwimony is a sewious thing to contemplate.
SHE.—But it is n't so serious, Cholly, if the other party is n't contemplating it!

NO ADROIT entertainer will make the mistake of having her refreshments so dainty that the Society reporters will go away hungry.

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE
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GRADE PIANOS.

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That's All!

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Baltimore, Md.

RICH kin are usually of no use except to point to with pride.—*Atchison Globe.*

BOOKER'S BITTERS

The best stomach regulator. None better in mixed drinks.



HIS OPINION.

SHE.—I know some couples that quarreled a good deal at first but got along pretty well later on.

HE.—Oh, yes! Some people take matrimony like rheumatism—they get so they don't complain much.

Convincing.

Hunter Baltimore Rye



The perfect type of the purest whiskey, claims this:

The test is taste, and a taste convinces that it is Pure, Old, Mellow

It is the American Gentleman's Whiskey

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Old Whiskey,
that Tickle
the Palate
and Stimulates
the Ambition.*



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"After-Dinner
Stories" Free.*

Bottled by **EAGLE LIQUEUR DISTILLERIES.**
RHEINSTROM BROS. CINCINNATI.



AN UNPLEASANT REMINDER.

"I reckon I know as much about hosses as de nex' man!"
"Wal, yo' know, de nex' man doan' ginrally know 'nuff to
keep from gittin' broke."

Clear the cobwebs from your brain by using Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. Get the genuine at grocers or druggists.

There is no better dinner wine than Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne. It helps digest your food.

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FOR PUBLIC SAFETY

WHAT PRES. REEDY SAYS:

"The Master Barbers' Association of the State of New York was organized with the specific object in view of promoting the interests of the Barbers in this State, and for the PROTECTION, SAFETY and WELFARE of the public in general. We certainly cannot do the above, unless we use in our business the BEST material and supplies obtainable, among which I certainly class Williams' Shaving Soap. After an experience in this business covering a period of twenty-two years, I can honestly say, that Williams' is the best shaving soap. To all barbers, who believe in the PROTECTION and SAFETY of the public in general, I would say, use none but Williams' Shaving Soap."


GEO. E. REEDY,
*President Master Barbers' Association,
State of New York.*

Moral:

Barbers who consider the safety and welfare of their patrons, use Williams' Shaving Soap.

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BEEMAN'S**
The Original
Pepsin Gum
Cures Indigestion
and Sea-sickness.
ALL OTHERS ARE
IMITATIONS.

Be good to the living; the dead are able to take care of themselves.—*Atchison Globe.*

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."
—*Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.*

MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY

AT ALL BARS and RESTAURANTS.

TRUTHFUL.
HE.—What in the world did you tell your father I had kissed you for?
SHE.—He asked me how far along I'd got. —*Detroit Free Press.*

THE only way to jolly some folks is to say that they can not be jollied. —*Wash. Democrat.*

WHEN a boy tries to catch a turtle, a bat, or anything equally useless, don't disgust him by asking what he wants it for. —*Atchison Globe.*

SOME MEN," said Uncle Eben, "seems built in such a way dat dey nebber seems to be puttin' forward deir bigges' efforts 'cep' when dey's headin' foh trouble." —*Washington Star.*

"Standard of Highest Merit"

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Between 16th and 17th Streets, New York.



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are than ordinary confections. They are made on this principle: "NOT HOW CHEAP BUT HOW GOOD." If your dealer don't have them we will supply you express prepaid at following prices:

1 lb. box finest selected \$.35	5 lb. box finest selected \$2.25
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C. F. GUNTHER, 312, State Street, Chicago, Ill.

UNDER HIS BREATH.
"I suppose your wife always has the last word?" said the impertinent relation.
"Not always," answered Mr. Meekton. "But she always has the last one that is spoken aloud." —*Washington Star.*

EVERYTHING comes to him who waits; but it will make better time if you hustle. —*Washington Democrat.*

If there is anything in hypnotism, why don't the bill collectors take it up? —*Atchison Globe.*

ALL the use some men are is to tell how the town looked fifty years ago. —*Wash. Democrat.*

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3 fast trains daily

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THE OVERLAND LIMITED leaves Chicago 8.00 p. m. daily and arrives San Francisco 5.15 p. m. third day. THE PACIFIC EXPRESS leaves Chicago 10.00 a. m. daily and arrives San Francisco 4.15 p. m. third day. THE CALIFORNIA EXPRESS leaves Chicago 11.30 p. m. daily and arrives San Francisco 8.25 a. m. fourth day. Unrivalled scenery and most luxurious service via

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AN AGREEABLE STIMULANT, TONES UP A WEAK STOMACH
A CUP ON RETIRING RELIEVES INSOMNIA.

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Happy may we part, and Happy meet
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A pure rye,
10 years old, aged
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not artificially.

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It tastes
old because
it is old

CAHN, BELT & CO.,
Baltimore, Md.

Ask for
MARYLAND CLUB

And see that you get it.



A DISTINCTION.

THE ACTOR.—Don't you think actors are quite liberal, as a rule?

THE WAITER.—Well, I don't know about them being liberal as a rule,
sir, but I think they are when they have any money!

JUNE ROSES IN JANUARY.
The "Gloria." A charmingly realistic rose design
by A. H. Roeth—in wall papers—by the PITTSBURGH
WALL PAPER CO., NEW BRIGHTON, PA. Your dealer
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All kinds of Paper made to order.

TIME ENOUGH.

MISS KOSTIQUE.

—She says you
have a habit of telling all you know.

CHOLLY.—The ideah! Why, she
nevah met me till lawst evening, and
then only for five minutes.

MISS KOSTIQUE.—Well?—*Catholic*
Standard and Times.

So many persons are operated upon
every day that it is becoming quite a
distinction to go to the grave all in one
piece.—*Atchison Globe.*

**GOLD MEDAL AT PAN-AMERICAN EXPO-
SITION.** Dr. Siegert's Imported Angostura Bit-
ters. The only Genuine. Avoid domestic substitutes.

WOMAN'S WAY.

KATE.—I un-
derstand Jane

Brown's sweetheart has proved false to
her?

RUTH.—Yes; and with all his false
she loves him still.—*Detroit Free Press.*

BOTH SIDES OF THE TRANSACTION.

"My father is a broker," said one little
girl. "What's yours?"

"He's one of the people who get
broke," answered the other.—*Washing-
ton Star.*

FOR MEN OF BRAINS Cortez CIGARS

—MADE AT KEY WEST—

These Cigars are manufactured under
the most favorable climatic conditions and
from the mildest blends of Havana to-
bacco. If we had to pay the imported
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money. Send for booklet and particulars.

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for best travelers is The California Limited,
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appreciated
by connoisseurs
for its

Delicate Flavor

(No rank smell nor taste,
so frequent in some
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Is not recommended for everything; but if you
have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be
found just the remedy you need. Sold by drug-
gists everywhere in fifty cent and dollar sizes.
You may have a sample bottle of this great kid-
ney remedy sent free by mail, also a pamphlet
telling all about Swamp-Root and its great cures.
Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.,
and say that you read this in Puck.

CHICAGO AND WEST—LAKE SHORE LIMITED—The New York Central.

QUERY.
 "Say!" asked the lad of ten who had
 A most inquiring mind,
 "Who is it loses all the fault
 That other people find?"
 —Catholic Standard and Times.

**Irresponsible bottlers are
 not permitted to harm**

Evans' Ale or Stout



**Bottled at the brewery they
 come to you in all their excel-
 lence and purity**

All good dealers sell them.
 C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.

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 Oriental Rugs.
 Antique and Modern Oriental Rugs
 in large and unusual sizes.
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 Orders solicited for Whole Carpets, Designs
 specially prepared to fit any Rooms or Halls.
 Foreign and Domestic
 Carpets and Carpetings
 in new and original designs and colorings.
 Mounted Skins.
 Upholstery.
Broadway & 19th St.
 NEW YORK

YEAST.—Would you call his auto-
 mobile a runabout?
 CRIMSONBEAK.—Yes; it will run
 about ten minutes and then break
 down.—Yonkers Statesman.

In our day we have heard keepers
 of boarding-houses complain of every-
 thing except that the boarders have
 poor appetites.—Atchison Globe.



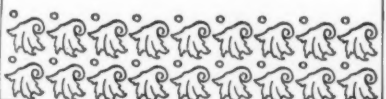
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 Because of its exquisite bouquet and rich, rare flavor. Dealers
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 DISTILLERS,
 Cincinnati, O., or St. Joseph, Mo., or Louisville, Ky.



THE REAL THING.
 "Uncle Tom, what
 is charity?"
 "Charity, Tommy,
 is finding good ex-
 cuses for the faults
 of people we don't
 like."—Detroit Free
 Press.

A GREAT many
 men have managed
 to attain fame by
 hanging to the tail
 gate of a crisis.—
 Washington Post.

If hell is paved
 with good intentions,
 just think how many
 of us are unwittingly
 contractors.—Prince-
 ton Tiger.

"Is your wife fond
 of fiction?"
 "I should say so.
 Why, she has had
 all my excuses
 printed and bound
 in one volume."—
 Norristown Herald.



A FORTUNATE ESCAPE.

FIRST TURKEY.—You were lucky to
 survive the Christmas season.
 SECOND TURKEY.—I should say so.
 I was so dangerously healthy that I
 did n't expect to live through it.

You can face the work of life with a new determi-
 nation when you feel full of energy. Abbott's, the
 Original Angostura Bitters create energy.

CONSCIENTIOUS.
 "Yes," said Mr.
 Cumrox; "we al-
 ways attend the
 grand opera."
 "What for?"
 asked the man who
 knows nothing but
 business.
 "Out of a strict
 regard for the truth.
 My daughters want
 to be able to say they
 have heard all the
 great singers, and I
 think that their con-
 scientious devotion
 to avoiding a fib on
 the subject is very
 much to their own
 credit."—Wash. Star.

"It is n't proper
 for a groom to send
 his regrets to his
 own wedding," re-
 marked the Observer
 of Events and
 Things; "but he
 often feels called
 upon to express them
 afterwards."—Yon-
 kers Statesman.

A Few "TO-MEASURE TAILORS"
 MAKE CLOTHES
 FINER THAN

STEIN-BLOCH'S.
 But... Their Prices are Prohibitive to 95% of the Men
 Who Want to Dress Well.

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 ALMOST EVERYWHERE.

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 Wholesale Tailors,
 ROCHESTER, N. Y.



LOOK FOR THIS LABEL UNDER THE COLLAR

HIS GREAT QUALIFICATION.
 The animals were preparing for amateur theatricals.
 "I want to be the heavy villain," said the sheep.
 "You!" snorted the intelligent horse. "You'd make a fierce-looking
 villain, would n't you?"
 "May be not," retorted the sheep, "but I'll bet none of you can beat me
 saying: 'Bah!'"—Catholic Standard and Times.

HER ONE REQUEST.
 "Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "there is one favor I want to
 ask you. I hope you will realize it is for your own good and not get angry."
 "What is it?"
 "I want you to solemnly promise me that you will never bet on a horse that
 is n't going to win."—Washington Star.

WHEN a speech is made in presenting a five-dollar gift, it can be described
 as "appropriate remarks;" but when the gift costs fifty-dollars, "a felicitous and
 graceful speech" is better.—Atchison Globe.

"The doctor would like to see you inside," said the physician's maid to the
 man who was waiting on the porch.
 "Not much!" said the bucolic patient. "He don't try none of them X-rays
 on me!"—Yonkers Statesman.

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 and BUFFALO, NIAGARA FALLS and CHICAGO. Address Chas. S. Lee,
 General Passenger Agent, New York, for illustrated descriptive matter.

ONE OR THE OTHER.
 JENKINS.—The world is getting
 better every day; don't you think so?
 TOMPKINS.—Yes; or else we are
 getting used to it.—Detroit Free Press.

SHE.—Would you go over Niagara
 Falls for me?
 HE.—In a balloon.—Norristown
 Herald.

THE trouble with short-sighted people
 is that they expect everyone to wear
 their glasses.—Ram's Horn.


**HARPER
 RYE**



A THREE TIMES WINNER
 Gold Medals at New Orleans, 1885;
 Chicago, 1893; Paris, 1900. . . .
 If local dealers cannot supply it, ad-
 dress the distillers,
BERNHEIM BROS.,
 Louisville, Ky.

PATIENCE.—He must have a soft
 spot in his heart for me.
 PATRICE.—Why so?
 PATIENCE.—He says he is always
 thinking of me.
 PATRICE.—But you know a man
 does n't think with his heart. The soft
 place must be in his head.—Yonkers
 Statesman.

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II.



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